

supercut of us

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75073961) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75073961>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anyia , Ilya Rozanov's Dog , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Fluff , Domestic Bliss , Anxious Shane Hollander , But he's working on it!
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of future hollanov fics
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-01 Words: 2,203 Chapters: 1/1

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by [unearthedlove](#)

Summary

Shane is sure he has what Ilya refers to as his “determined kitten face” showing right now. “It was a perfect day today. We’ve had so many of these over the years, and I never posted it. I want to remember this.”

(Or: Yuna takes a cute picture of Shane and Ilya and Shane decides to be a brave.)

Notes

guys. i wish i could think about anything other than hollanov right now but i've rewatched the episodes 4 times (and counting). and then hudson posted his adorable photo dump and the adorable hudcon pic was there and the brain worms consumed me. so here we are.

i think my next project might be a longer form fic but tbh! we'll see :)

title is from supercut by lorde.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

July 2022 – Somewhere outside of Ottawa, Canada

Crunch, crunch, crunch.

Shane's breathing matches Anya's, as they run down the final stretch that leads to the cottage. It's been a couple of days since Shane and Ilya arrived for the summer, after the media blitz they attended following their Cup win. It's been liberating for Shane to be lazy; happy to lounge in the happy embrace of his husband's arms in the mornings. They had a lot of slow, sleepy sex over the last several days, but he was feeling antsy this morning, desperate to get back to his regular routine.

Ilya grumbled when he slipped out of bed this morning, but Shane kissed him sweetly, promising breakfast sandwiches when he returned. Ilya's soppy smile was enough of an answer. Anya had been following him around as he had gotten ready, and he knew they had neglected taking her on longer walks, so she was more than happy to join him.

He's still sore from their Cup run, but it always exhilarates Shane to move his body. There's nothing better than adrenaline coursing through your body from a good workout (and yes, Shane is including sex in the definition of workout). He finally comes to a stop at the entrance to their house, hands on hips as he and Anya both pant. He sheds his shirt and shoes as he enters the house, desperately trying to cool down.

Unleashing Anya from his waist clip, she trots off to get some water, while he goes to the refrigerator to get some electrolytes and start breakfast. He's gulping down his drink, probably quicker than he should, when he hears Anya yip. He turns around to see Ilya walking down the stairs, looking rumbled and unfairly handsome. He's only wearing a pair of briefs, Shane licking his lips when he sees the outline of Ilya's dick. He wagers he can convince his husband to take a shower with him this morning. He wouldn't mind using this adrenaline to suck Ilya's dick with enthusiasm.

"Good morning. I was about to start our sandwiches. Do you want bacon on it this morning?" Ignoring Shane's question, Ilya comes up to him, wrapping around him like he's an octopus. Shane laughs, his own arms coming to wrap around Ilya's waist. "I'm sweaty."

Ilya grumbles. "I do not care."

Shane indulges Ilya, rocking them back and forth slightly. "Is your shoulder feeling better today?"

Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's neck. "Yes. I will need to do my stretches and ice it later before we go to David and Yuna's. But it is feeling alright."

Shane brings Ilya's hand up to kiss before stepping out of his embrace, so he can look into his husband's face. "Good. I'm going to make the sandwiches, if you brew the coffee. Did you take your pill already this morning?"

Ilya leans down, kissing him indulgently. Shane hums, always so happy to be here with Ilya. “No, not yet. I will take it while coffee brews.”

Shane smiles at him, batting his eyelashes a little bit to rile Ilya up. “And maybe after we eat, we could shower together?”

He takes the bait easily because Ilya grins, please. “Great idea, moy geniy.”

Shane flushes, pleased at the praise. It’s going to be a great day.

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“Boys! Great to see you!”

Shane and Ilya wave at Shane’s dad, as Anya runs ahead to say hello. Yuna comes out of the house at the noise, smiling at them. “Hi guys! We’re making some grilled chicken and veggies tonight.”

Ilya leans down, kissing her on the cheek. “Sounds perfect, Yuna. Thank you.”

She pats him affectionately on the cheek, making Shane’s heart swell. He knows Ilya has been close with his parents now for five years, but it still makes him flushed with happiness every time he remembers it. Once upon a time, he just wanted them to shake hands. Just to know they existed in the same room. And now, Ilya is their *son*. It’s dizzying sometimes with how perfectly his life has turned out so far.

Shane hugs his mom, getting a tight squeeze. “Hi. We brought some wine and we got a cake from Ms. Beachy’s stand at the farmer’s market for dessert.”

Yuna takes the package out his hand quickly, ushering it and him inside. “Oh, that sounds lovely, honey. What flavor is it?”

Shane puts the bottle of wine on the counter, as he watches Ilya, Anya, and his dad head to the back porch to the grill. “It’s a butter cake, with butter cream frosting. Ilya tried it last summer and has been obsessed with it ever since. Ms. Beachy tries to keep giving it to us for free.”

Yuna chuckles. “Sounds like our Ilya, always charming people.”

Shane smiles, flushed with happiness. *Our Ilya*.

“Do you need help with anything?”

“Yes, help me finish chopping these vegetables to take out to your dad and you can tell me about your day.”

So, they work in sync, Shane detailing their day. He leaves out the blowjob he gave Ilya in the shower, who returned the favor by making Shane come on his fingers. But the rest of the day was what Shane would describe as his ideal day at the lake. They lounged by the pool, soaking in some sun. Once they got hot enough, they jumped in, which quickly devolved into

a water splashing fight. They had leftover steak and rice for lunch, enjoying it on the back deck; Shane pointedly ignoring and playfully rolling his eyes at Ilya very obviously sneaking food to Anya. Afterwards, they went down to the docks and played catch with Anya who loves jumping off the end of the dock.

They returned midafternoon, so Ilya could do his stretches for the day, and Shane kept him company by deciding to do yoga in his tight little shorts, which may or may not have led to Shane getting fucked in their gym room (another detail specifically left out). All in all, a perfect day.

They make their way out to the porch, as Yuna tells Shane about their day, which involved nice long kayak in the morning and freshening up the place for the summer. They drop the vegetables off with his dad, where Ilya and David are talking about the NYT Spelling Bee, something Ilya has become recently obsessed with. David capitalized on Ilya liking puzzles and figured he might like the Bee as well. He was right of course; Ilya find it relaxing, plus it allows him to practice his English as well. Shane only likes the Mini, so he's glad his dad has someone to discuss the Bee with. It's extra special that person is Ilya.

Dinner is eventually served, where Shane indulges in a couple of glasses of wine. He's feeling sleepy by the time their dessert is served, the sun, the alcohol, and the lingering fatigue of the Cup run wearing him down. His parents ask if they want to watch a movie. Shane wants to say no, but then Yuna suggests a Fast and Furious movie to unwind (which is an insane sentence to Shane), and Ilya is helpless to the suggestion. So, they sit on the couch, Ilya on his left, with his arm looped through Shane's so they can hold hands.

The movie starts, and Ilya is explaining some question his dad asked. Shane can already feel his eyelids getting heavy as he hears Vin Diesel's voice in the background...

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"Yuna, honestly, you'll wake them."

"They look so cute though, I can't help it! We're still catching up on the all the photos we couldn't take over the years."

Shane comes to, his parents' voices waking him up. He blinks blearily, seeing they're near the end of the movie (that's how you know Shane has seen these too many times because of Ilya). His eyes open all the way, his mom looking sheepish and with her phone in her head. He whispers, "Mom? What's going on?"

He can see his dad looking amused in the background. His mom puts her phone away. "Sorry, Shane. You guys just looked so cute. I couldn't resist taking a photo."

Shane realizes there's weight on his shoulder. He turns his head slightly to see Ilya passed out next to him, their hands almost interconnected, seemingly coming apart as they slept. He smiles, leaning into his husband's head, breathing in his scent. "It's okay. We should probably go."

Shane uses his other hand to reach over, running his fingers through Ilya's hair. In Russian, he says into his husband's ear, "*Wake up, Ilya.*"

His husband stirs at the motion, rubbing his face into Shane's shoulder. "Mmm. Did we fall asleep?"

David laughs in the background. "Fairly quickly too. It's okay, sons. We appreciate you coming over despite knowing you're still tired."

Both of them sit up, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes. They gather their things as they head out, hugging David and Yuna before they go. They get Anya in the car, before driving away back to their home.

As they're pulling into the driveway, they get a text from Yuna in the family group chat.

The Hollander Family

Mom

8:44pm

Thought you guys might want this!

We love you both very much

Get some rest

Photo attached

Shane's heart clenches at the photo. They're so relaxed, lulled to sleep by the perfect day and each other's warmth. Ilya finishes parking the car, before he grabs his phone. Shane watches him as the screen lights up his face. He looks on as Ilya's eyes do that thing where they get really soft and full of love. It's directed at many people in his life: the Centaurs, Svetlana, Rose, the kids he visits at the hospital, Shane's parents, and Anya. But it's mainly reserved for Shane and these quiet moments they have.

Ilya looks over at Shane, smile gooey and soft. "This is such a nice photo of us. I will make it my phone background."

Shane smiles back at him. "I love you." Shane looks back at the photo, biting his lip as he deliberates something. "What... what if I posted this on Instagram?"

Ilya looks surprised. Shane can't say he blames him. This is not to say Shane has never posted Ilya since they were outed. His most recent post includes Ilya kissing him on the cheek, as they hold the cup together. But his Instagram is still mainly used to promote the Centaurs and the Foundation. Most of the posts with Ilya usually are because of his job obligations.

Posting every detail of his life is not something Shane has ever had a desire to do. Even without the burden of being a closeted gay man weighing on him anymore, he doesn't like his life to be on display. He's under enough scrutiny as it is. Ilya posts them more often, but he's very respectful of Shane's boundaries, continuing his theme of mostly posting photos of things that remind him of Shane, with couples' pictures and selfies interspersed. But looking at this photo, realizing this is who they really are, that sometimes people deserve to see them as a *couple*, that *Shane* deserves to post them as a couple, it might be nice to show this side of them.

Ilya's surprise cools into something more neutral. "Moy lyubimyy. You can post whatever you want."

Shane bites his lip again. "You don't think it's too much? I don't want to make you uncomfortable either."

Ilya chuckles, endlessly charmed by Shane's anxiety. "No, I will not be uncomfortable. It is very normal picture to post. You have seen what Harris posts, no?"

Shane laughs softly. Harris does post Troy *a lot*. It's endearing though. Shane wishes he could be more free about his life. But he knows he won't undo everything he's taught himself over the last 12 years of being in the League. "You're right. I know I'm overthinking it."

Ilya leans over, kissing Shane's temple. "You would not be you if you did not overthink." Shane lightly smacks him. "You could always post it on your story. Then it is only up for a day."

Shane is sure he has what Ilya refers to as his "*determined kitten face*" showing right now, but he shakes his head at his husband. "It was a perfect day today. We've had so many of these over the years, and I never posted it. I want to remember this."

Ilya's soft eyes make a comeback. Shane's favorite look. Ilya leans over, kissing Shane, conveying how proud he is of Shane through the kiss. "I love you."

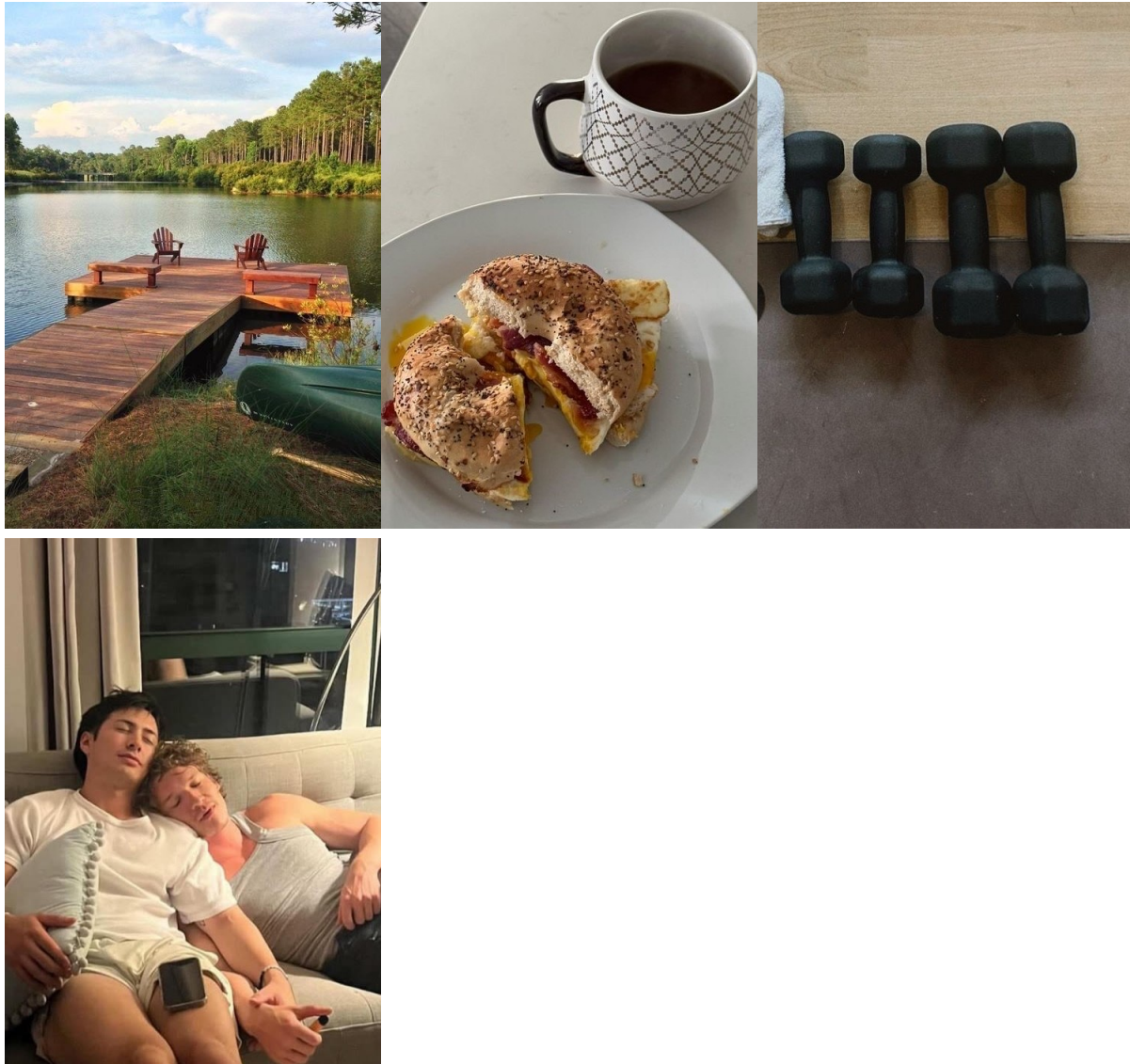
Shane whispers out, "I love you too."

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Later, as they snuggle into bed, Ilya leans over Shane watching as he posts.

@ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer

2 hours ago



A perfect start to summer.

40.1k likes. 1,517 comments.

@BoodramZane: Yo where's my invite to the cottage?

@WyattHazyGoalie: Can you make those breakfast sandwiches when camps start up?

@Dykstras: Hollzy you kicking his ass in yoga again?

@TroyBarrett17: Of course Roz sleeps with his mouth open

@OttawaCentaur: so sweet guys! well deserved too!

@IlyaRozanov81: Я тебя люблю (Liked by author)

End Notes

the centaurs are that annoying team (affectionate) that comment on everyone's post, send tweet.

comments and kudos always appreciated! if you have a twitter and want to talk, my priv is @thecorktrees!

(sorry for any typos or weird spacing. i'm sure i'll inevitably find stuff to edit in the days to follow even though i've read this over 15 times)

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